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No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

AGRICULTURAL.



Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and worry, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.

A HINT TO CORN PLANTERS.

Dr. Moore, of Maryland, who has written a treatise on agriculture, asserts that agriculture is more followed and less understood, than any other mechanical branch in the United States.

He says, if good ground is cultivated in a proper manner, every person may plant two hills of corn for one he does now on the same ground, and the corn will be equally as good, which is a double crop. He further says, the general average depth of corn ground, as broken up and planted, is about three and a half to four inches; and that one week's hot sun, after the ground becomes droughty, will dry the ground and scorch the corn, so as to stop its growth. But to plough up your ground eight inches deep, your corn will stand growing a three weeks' drought; and if you plough twelve or fourteen inches deep, it will grow every day during a six or seven weeks' drought.

I have made an experiment, and I think with success; and have saved a large portion of the labor of deep ploughing, and gained some of its advantages. I break up and strike out my corn ground in the old usual way: the furrow I plant in, I run a single coulter ten or eleven inches deep in the centre of the furrow, and plant on that mark. When my corn is up, I run a bar-shear once round in each corn row, and make my coulter plough follow in the same furrow as deep as formerly: Thus every corn row has three coulter furrows, fourteen or fifteen inches deep, around the whole.

The Doctor asserts, that corn roots run no deeper than you break and cultivate your ground, and this gives pasture for the roots. With this small addition of labor in a corn crop, such a dry summer as last was, this plan will give a third, or fourth, or fifth more corn. Attention ought always to be paid in laying by corn the last ploughing, never to plough every row, but every other one, throughout the field in dry weather; then turn and plough up those left. But do not act the fool, and cut all the roots the same day, and stop the growth of your corn, as there is not a doubt but 100,000 barrels of corn are destroyed every dry season by ploughing every row.

COMMON SENSE.

Every one can test this system by a trial of one or more acres.

FROM THE IRISHMAN, PRINTED AT BELFAST.

SPEECH OF COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS.

At Sligo, on the Address to the King.

We have this moment laid down the Dublin Journal, in which we read the last speech of this celebrated Irish Barrister, printed by his own authority; and though there are few men to whose superior talents, and to whose kind dispositions we were more willing to bear our humble attestation, yet we should be guilty of a gross abandonment of public duty if we were to suffer our feelings for the man to interfere between the politician and our country, or to suppress our indignation at the sentiments delivered by Mr. Phillips at the late meeting at Sligo, because we have more than once had reason to join in the praises lavishly and so justly bestowed by his countrymen on his former efforts. We confess we did not think it possible, that such a mind as that which we conceived Phillips to

possess, could have so fallen from the proud and enviable station in which it has hitherto stood: We did not imagine that a man so qualified to plead the cause of his country, could ever stoop to the humiliating office of a Poet Laureat, gilding the corruptions of courts, and offering up incense to the power that despises his homage. What! to see Charles Phillips reiterating the rhapsodies of Burke, and the common place of the Courier! to see Charles Phillips flying to the throne, and to the altar, from the fury of the reformers, and seeking refuge under the wing of George the Fourth, from the wild democracy of such men as Burdett, and Hobhouse, and Bentham. Surely! surely! this is an unworthy office for such a mind! And whence this wondrous transformation? *Unde derivata clades.* Are the times so bad that the wages of patriotism are no longer worthy of the lawyer's ambition? Have the labors of the patriot been so unprofitable, that it is considered prudent to turn upon the people, whose breath first warmed him into life; and to build upon their ruin that solid and substantial livelihood, which no storms can shake, nor reverse can diminish? If any man in Ireland can point out to us a production more disgusting or more degrading, (with the exception of a speech, falsely attributed to Baron Smith, said to be lately delivered to the Mullingar Grand Jury,) we shall be much obliged to the ingenious inquirer into the natural curiosities of the present age. We greatly lament this sad and dismal falling off; we lament more for the sake of Ireland, than of Mr. Phillips. But Ireland is no more! She has no inducements to hold to her children! The genius she daily brings forth abandons her; for she no longer enjoys the power of rewarding its struggle in the cause—her most favored offspring go out on a voyage of discovery, to find a resting place, no matter where—whether in the bosom of Sidmouth or Castlereagh—Grenville or Gray! And we therefore should not wonder if Charles Phillips is found among the wanderers from his native shore—casting about for some safe retreat, where, in his old age, he may shelter himself and his children from the storms of adversity.

What will the Irish Bar say to this motley production—this splendid profusion of balderdash? What will George the Fourth say to the man who has the front to insult the memory of his father with fulsomeness of panegyric which Alfred or Henry the Fourth would blush to hear? It is one argument more, in addition to the many we could state, to demonstrate the havoc and desolation which the Union is making on the finest intellects and most brilliant talents our country might boast of. We need not conclude by saying, that if our tears could obliterate this disgraceful record from the life of Charles Phillips, we should give them freely, not more for the sake of an old friend, than for the honor of our common country.

FROM THE ALBANY (N. Y.) STATESMAN.

Great Western Celebration.

We have not yet received all the details of the great Western Commemoration of our National Independence on the borders of the Grand Canal; we have, however, through the kindness of our correspondents, been able to collect the following interesting facts.

Agreeably to previous arrangements, a vast number of citizens from Ontario, Cayuga, Oneida, Madison, Seneca, Genesee, and several other counties, assembled in the vicinity of Salina, on the morning of the anniversary. The different divisions of boats, which had proceeded from the eastern and western extremities of the canal, as well as from various points on the line, assembled at the stations assigned them by the general committee of arrangements, and under the discharge of cannon, accompanied by several bands of music, proceeded to the Basin, at the junction of the Salina branch with the Grand Canal. The passengers here disembarked from the different boats, and the collection of people became immense. At the discharge of signal guns, a procession was formed; and, escorted by detachments of militia, proceeded to the place appointed for the exercises of the day. After the ceremonies were closed, in a manner highly honorable to those who participated in their performance, orders were given by the marshals of the day, to proceed to Salina, the place selected for refreshment. A spectacle was here presented, novel and grand beyond any thing which has ever ap-

peared on this side of the ocean—not alone from the scenes actually before the eye, but from the considerations which pressed upon the mind, and filled it with astonishment and delight. Ten large boats, and thirteen small ones, filled with passengers, and many of them ornamented in the most fanciful style, formed a line in the Salina canal. The troops called out on the occasion, formed on the borders of the channel, and the towing path was actually crowded with men, women and children. Groups of people were scattered through the fields which overlooked the tranquil bosom of the waters, and the road to Salina exhibited nothing but life and animation. The whole company moved on from the basin, at the junction of the great western and the Salina canals, to the Salina basin, under the discharge of cannon, with the strains of music, and the cheering shouts of thousands. As the boats entered the basin, they gave three cheers, and were answered from the shore by the roaring of cannon, and the acclamations of pride and triumph. It is probable that from eight to ten thousand people were now assembled, and on which ever side the eye was turned, every thing was joyful, grand and magnificent. Standards were flying in every direction, music was heard from the different boats, the troops were drawn up in martial array, and delight and animation beamed on every countenance. The company here formed in order, under the marshals of the day, and proceeded to the bower, erected for the occasion, on the high grounds which command a view of the Onondaga Lake, and partook of the great National Festival in a manner that comported with the nature of the institution, and the character of a free people.

His excellency Governor CLINTON, had been expressly invited to visit the great western canal on this occasion, and had accordingly proceeded from Utica to Salina in the new and beautiful bark called the *Oneida Chief*, in company with a number of distinguished citizens. It is needless to say that he was received with every demonstration of enthusiasm and respect.

The return of our national anniversary was indeed a proud day to the western district. No one who witnessed the numerous meeting at Salina, but called to mind the enterprising character of the state, and the rapid march of power and refinement in the western world. Twenty-five years ago, the fairest portion of the country bordering on the great lakes in our own state, were covered with dark forests, and remained the retreats of barbarism. On the very spot where the celebration took place—where thousands of citizens had assembled—where the genius of civilization had wrought her wonders, and planted her monuments—nay, where the waters of the great western canal, now gliding along in silent majesty, and almost induced a belief that every thing was the illusion of enchantment—but a few short years since, not a settlement could be found. This country is now the seat of moral and physical strength, the field of enterprise, the nursery of statesmen and jurists, and the sites of cities and villages. The late commemoration, which drew together many of our most distinguished citizens from various quarters of the state, was a deserved tribute of respect to the western district, and was a design well calculated to prove the benign tendency of our free systems of government, in rendering a people great and happy. Since this method of celebrating the 4th of July has been commenced, we anxiously hope that it will long be adopted and cherished. We would be happy to see the people of the west assemble every year on the borders of the great western canal, and while they perform those devotions that are calculated to perpetuate the republican institutions established by our fathers, also recollect the importance of prosecuting those public improvements that serve to cement the union of the states, create, circulate, and retain wealth in the nation, and give our republic a more enviable rank on the theatre of empires.

Finally, although we had not the pleasure of joining in a celebration which, in our opinion, was the most interesting that has ever taken place in the United States, yet we are not insensible to the feelings and sentiments that were breathed by those who visited the place of rejoicing. We catch the enthusiasm, and reciprocate the pride and joy which marked the brilliant festivities of that memorable day, that dawned with so much glory on the majestic waters that enthrone and

boldness have induced to flow in peaceful grandeur over hills and valleys, and which will soon blend the waves of the ocean and the lakes, and mingle them to the latest ages of the world.

INDIANS.

Among the several letters which we have received from our western correspondents, concerning the celebration of the 4th of July on the borders of the great western canal, we extract the following interesting remarks from one of them:

“Among other things which caught my attention, was the number of Indians who attended the celebration. I should think that there were between one and two hundred present—some of them dressed in the gaudy costume of their tribes. They stood gazing in mute admiration at the new scenes continually bursting upon their astonished sight. Here they saw thousands of people, crowding in like a torrent from every quarter. The great western canal, or in other words, a river of one hundred miles in length, opened in a few months by the hands of the white men, and as far as their eyes could reach, covered with boats and skiffs; the standards and banners of the military waving in triumph, and glistening in the sun; the music of several bands filled the fields with melody; the great guns shaking the hills with thunder; and the shouts and cheerings of many thousands rending the heavens—all these things were indeed calculated to astonish the poor Indians, and induce them to think that a kind of supernatural spirit was changing the face of that country which was lately a wilderness. I must confess, that the sight of these poor Indians cast a cloud over my mind, and for a moment darkened the splendid scenery that imparted so much pleasure. Here, said I to myself, are the remnants of powerful tribes and nations, who once winged the arrow, pursued the monsters of the wilderness, and sung the songs of war over these very lands! Here they once met the foe, and trampled on their enemies, in the pride and exultation of victory! Here they once heard the thunders of the great spirit in his wrath, and shrunk from the lightnings of his eye! Here they once indulged in the bold and rapid eloquence of nature, as they met in their councils of war, and alone forgot the majesty of their species, as they fell down to worship the God of their fathers! But here, alas! are all that remains. What a comment on the changes of the moral universe—what a picture of human instability. Their power is withered, as God in his anger withers the verdure of the fields; and their numbers are scattered, as the winds of heaven dissipate the seeds in harvest time. Here they come; poor, weak, humbled, and despised, to behold the rejoicings of the white men, in the bosom of their own country, where the marriage feast of their grandfathers may have been celebrated. All this may be right. The tide of civilization rolls on from the east to the west with ceaseless power, and civilized nations and savage tribes must stand in silence and helplessness, and behold its progress. No arm can be lifted to arrest it—no barrier interposed to stop its course. A few more years, and even these vestiges of former tribes will be extinct, as their footsteps will be followed by the pressing pursuit of civilization, to the rocky mountains, and over the extended spine of the Andes, to the shore of the great western ocean. None will be left to wail over the desolations of revolution; and the very cabins in which they sharpened their hatchets, or smoked the calumet, will be examined as the remains of antiquity, by the searching eye of the philosopher.”

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

On Intemperate Drinking.

Memoirs, Editors: In your last paper, under the head of the “*The Club*,” I see some well-meaning persons are making an attempt to expose the debasing effects of intemperate drinking. I am glad to see it; and every friend of morality, religion, and good order, must wish success to the undertaking. But, sir, this disgraceful practice does not alone exist in your town: You may see it in every part of the country—at our company musters—at our tax-gatherings—at “the law-days;” and, in short, look where you will, and the signs of this “*eviling sin*” show themselves. I hope “*The Club*” will go on, and attack this demoralizing and corrupting practice, wherever it presents its bloated and hideous countenance—whether in the higher or lower walks of society—whether in ball-rooms or at the Saturday-night’s frolic. In the mean time, I send you a pamphlet, written by THOMAS HARRIS, of New-York, entitled, *In Defense of the Cause of Intemperate Drinking*. It is full of good sense, and written in language easily understood. I have marked with my pencil such passages as I wish you to extract for your paper. By so doing, you may, perhaps, do some good, and greatly oblige a friend to

GOOD ORDER.

EXTRACTS.

“Probably no single cause tends so much to the debasement and demoralization of the human family, as the intemperate use of *ardent drink*—“This most prolific source of mischief and misery, (says an able paper,) drags in its train almost every species of suffering which afflicts the poor. In relation to poverty and vice, it may be con-

phatically styled the cause of causes." Next to intemperate eating, more mortal bodily disorders are derived from intemperate drinking than from any other source. War, plague, pestilence and famine, combined, perhaps cannot number more victims, than fall by the use of this all-devouring liquid fire. No one vice is destructive of so many virtues—and, I will venture to say, that it is the only vice, the extreme of which destroys in its votaries every vestige of all the virtues which they might otherwise have possessed.

"Viewing," says the paper above alluded to, "the enormous devastation of this evil on the minds and morals of the people, we cannot but regard it as the crying and increasing sin of the nation." True it is; and it is truly mortifying that candor demands the acknowledgment, that our country is distinguished among the nations most addicted to intemperate drinking, and that this abominable vice is imputed to us as part of our national character. It has prevailed, and is prevailing, to an alarming extent; and should its progress continue unrestrained, its inevitable issue must be, a miserable and wretched population, incapable of preserving their political liberties, and unworthy the blessings of a free government."

Letter from the Honorable Mr. Adams.

QUINCY, FEB. 21, 1820.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for your address to the New-England Auxiliary Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, which I have read with pleasure and edification. It abounds in ingenuity and information; it is elegant and pathetic; it is pious and virtuous; it addresses itself to the understanding and the heart.

A drunkard is the most selfish being in the universe. He has no sense of modesty, shame or disgrace. He has no sense of duty, or sympathy of affection with his father or mother, his brother or sister, his friend or neighbor, his wife or children; no reverence for his God; no sense of futurity in this world or the other—all is swallowed up in the mad, selfish joy of the moment.

Is it not humiliating, that Mahometans and Hindoos should put to shame the whole Christian world, by their superior examples of temperance? Is it not degrading to Englishmen and Americans, that they are so infinitely exceeded by the French in this cardinal virtue? And is it not mortifying beyond all expression, that we Americans should exceed all other eight millions of people on the globe, as I verily believe we do, in this degrading, beastly vice of intemperance.

I am, sir, your obliged friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

WILLIAM WILLIS, ESQ.

As it is natural for every person to have a fondness for their own character, which has cost them much time and attention to acquire, I hope you will excuse the association of which I am a member. But when the gauntlet is thrown, you well know, Messrs. Editors, that we must vindicate our own cause, and endeavor to preserve our reputations. Since the piece in your last paper, over the signature of a "stranger," has appeared, there are several of us "women folks," as we are termed, or rather the "weaker vessels," entered into something like a compact positive, to stand forth like Hector, of notable memory, who was determined to defend Troy; so we will follow his example, and that of our superiors, as they may deem themselves; but whether at our first meeting we should, like "The Club," enter into all the learned disputation of Mr. Blackletter, was a subject of dispute only for a few moments. We not having the benefit of legal acquirements, thought it much better not to introduce Littleton, nor Coke, nor Blackstone, unless by abbreviation we could make the great and white members of the Club appear both little and black, as we hope to do in the course of our communications to you; but you must know, that woman's mind is said to be lighter than the dust which the wind wafts abroad. Now, as Mr. Blackletter says that hotch-pot means lousy-pudding, I would refer him to our cookery books, where he will find its component parts to consist of corn field peas, and a small bit of the middling of bacon. Now we know very well that there is no fermentation here, nor is it so hastily done that it should have acquired the appellation of hotch-pot, unless it be that Mr. Blackletter can hastily consume it, or it will hastily operate upon him, either as a comminative, an expellative of flatus, as we know that peas are flatulent, or like the cold expressed oil of the palm-christ. Now as it is stated, in the name of the authority of my Lord Littleton, the name of the pudding was set aside, upon the ground of its being inelegant in its euphony; but then let us know, Messrs. Editors, whether Mr. Blackletter could, critically speaking, make use of the term euphony in the selection of a phrase in language for one who was not attached to the cognoscence, would believe that it belonged to some of the classes of plumb-pudding, apple-pie, or cranberry tart. Now let us pass over him, and come to the pill-box; who, for my own part, I am disposed to use with lenity, since he is a licensed homicide (if, peradventure, he have a diploma) and I am sometimes subject to the high-stricken, that is, the blue devils—or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the azure demons. This, Messrs. Editors, is a sufficient cause why I should advocate the cause of old Hippocrates; but nevertheless, you will allow me the privilege of descending somewhat upon the inhabitants which he wishes should be the tenants of this domestic, or pill-box. Few pills, from the "cognoscence," which I have obtained from the attention which I have paid to our American authors—(what is this his name is called?)—well, however, it makes no difference, for it is a family medicine book—ay, now I have him; Ewell—we composed of all these different ingredient parts; for he says that calomel, that is, mercury, and opium, when the Club should be affected with "thinkers to myself what?" should be administered; but then they should not add the wonderful "medium" of jalap to the pills, if they wish it to have the desired effect. Well, now, Dr. Blackletter says "we must give our readers something in the true medicinal style"—at other times I presume he will give them the adhesive quality of the gum-arabic, so that he may, like Mr. Blackletter, by telling his clients a smooth tale, make them stick to him the more tenaciously. "The Club," next, in descending upon the remarks of the pill-box doctor, says "that jalap would be a proper ingredient in all our prescriptions." If he were to add a little scammony, and a portion of gamboge, knowing how moderately they operate, would not his productions be the more admired by his readers? Now if Mr. Blackletter is so much heated under the irresistible potency of Dr. Pill-box's elegant and oppressive eloquence, how much greater would be created by offering him some sweet anodyne, and twenty grains of blue vitriol.

Now I suppose that the blues, of which he complains, might, by a dose of this kind, be cured, and the quibbles (but I think they were quibbles of conscience) effectually put to rest. Now for the merchant; he, I presume, steps forward with the yard-stick in his hand, ready to deposit on the counter the cambric, the thread-lace, the jacquet, or any other article which may be called for; and in his assistant's hands is held the sugar-disher, the scales being suspended by a rope, and the weights all ready, to put a little sugar and much sand into the scales, the preponderance the weights of course must have; and in measuring the superfine cloth, the thim's must take off the twentieth part in the yard, at least. Well, now, where is the dealer in liquors?—here he stands, with his quart pot in hand, like a servant *cap a pie*, ready to pour the all-envenoming draught, commingled with a little water, into the waiting vessel, "as the saying is, to make it a little stronger." For fear I shall be too severe, let me pass to the Bachelor. He, by the bye, wanted Olla Podrida, as it had appeared in a similar production in one of our most opulent cities to the north, not long since. Now as the Club have set themselves up as censors, is it not incorrect, imprudence, and malice prepense, that they should deal so much in the luxuries of high life. The Bachelor, I presume, (as my aunt Whoishe told me once, when addressed by one of those pests to society, never to marry him, nor any other such,) is worn out with his amours to the various complexions of our climate. Well, now we have come to the chief justice of the literature—why not comment somewhat upon him, as the hard, responsible, and important duty of assigning a title appears to have devolved upon him. Well, he has done his office justice; but who is this president?—is he lank and lean, or full-faced, not with much rotundity to his abdomen? However, they will have to look up to him in time of need, as the head of the family, as no doubt he possesses more of cognoscence than all the rest, as he has been appointed president, and the subject which he has selected is the favorite topic upon which the cognoscence are to deliberate, and then give to the world the result of their cogitations; but they may, perhaps, be like Drake, who, once upon a time, attempted to strike the earth, being in a tree, with a rock—and lo! he missed; for the rock fell on a plank. We, Messrs. Editors, came to a conclusion, as regarded the title of our league, without all this learned disputation: Which is, your most obedient,

ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN.

N. B. Inform the stranger to look out for a squall, as he has not yet left town.

INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.

Foreign.

CHINESE INTELLIGENCE.

From East-India Papers, received at Providence.

The Kea-Teen, or Jubilee in China, on the 60th anniversary of the Emperor's birth day, being the completion of a Chinese cycle of years, and a national rejoicing, occurs on the 6th day of the 10th moon, the 24th year of his Majesty's reign, (A. D.) The year preceding this event was marked by an opportunity afforded the literati throughout the empire to distinguish themselves, and to receive imperial bounty in the attainment of degrees; and by a visit paid by the Emperor to the tombs of his fathers, in Manchow Tartary. The present year is to be distinguished by a remission of all arrears of land tax; and by a general pardon, either entire or consisting in mitigated punishment; such as banishment for strangling and so of other crimes.

The latest Peking Gazette contains very little of general interest. The Emperor's visit to his father's tomb was attended with delay and disappointment, from the heavy rains which fell in Tartary during his absence from the capital.

The imperial kindred are distinguished by sashes worn by them: the more nearly related wear yellow; the more distant red sashes. These persons are all by law confined to the capital, or are sent into Manchow Tartary. One wearing a red sash, in January last, found his way to Canton, where he had a relation by marriage, officiating as provincial Judge. His reason for quitting the capital was extreme poverty, as he deemed his circumstances; the Judge, however, did not dare to receive him, but gave him instantly in custody to the local magistrate, and as soon as possible packed him off again under military escort to Peking. It is said his punishment will be perpetual confinement.

The Peking Gazette, dated at Court in the end of December, 1818, has been received. The late premier Sung Tajin, who was degraded some time since, has been promoted to the rank of a Captain-General in Tartary, and again subjected to imperial censure, for the fault which has been attributed to him through life—viz. clemency beyond the laws. He is at present censured for trying to obtain promotion for some officers who have been dismissed the service. His known benevolence was so great, that beggars have with impunity clung to his hair in the streets to supplicate alms. The Tartar tribes are said to worship him.

Peking Gazette, March 29, 1819.—It has been stated to his Majesty, that a foreign tribe of shepherds, in the north-west corner of China, in the province of Kansuh, have suffered severely from a fall of snow; eight families have perished by it, and the whole of their cattle. Ninety two families yet remain, and these the emperor has exempted from all duties for three years to come.

On the 30th the Emperor attended an exhibition of Archery, and awarded to the successful marksman, the usual honor, a cap decorated with a peacock's feather.

An imperial mandate to the following effect has been received. The manners of the Mung-koo Tartars were heretofore plain and correct; hence the laws in existence among them were lenient. But of late years, many native Chinese have passed into Mungkoo Tartary, crimes have become more frequent. It is therefore ordered, that any Chinese in Mungkoo Tartary, convicted of crimes, shall be punished according to the Chinese laws.

Literary Exhibition.—The Emperor has himself examined the higher departments of the literature this year, and heard them read in the va-

lous classes. As might have been anticipated, some have been promoted, and others degraded.

His Majesty has also examined the progress made by his fourth son, a lad of 14 years of age, and expresses himself much disappointed at finding him unable to write verses. The emperor remembers well, that his august father, the late emperor, examined him at the age of thirteen, on which occasion the verses which might have been expected from such an age, were duly composed. The present failure his majesty attributes to his son's tutors, who have been dismissed, and new masters retained.

It appears, that fifty persons of some note in the late rebellion yet remain undiscovered. A censor has recommended, amongst various other modes of discovering them, that the sea-ports should be narrowly watched. On this occasion, his Majesty remarks, that as all emigration has long been prohibited, a new law is unnecessary; as whatever has been long established, however, is liable to degenerate into mere form, the officers whom it may concern are required to see the existing laws against emigration rigidly enforced.

Chang, the Judge of Shan-sung, and the conductor of the late English embassy, when in the province of Chih-le, has been degraded to a very low rank, and severely censured by the Emperor for his incapacity and bad government. Chang formerly remarked to the English, that the Emperor had "long ears," meaning that he heard what was done at a distance. This appears true in Chang's case, for in his charge, the Emperor mentions his being addicted to opium.

Three hundred of those united religionists, whom the Chinese call Hwuy-se, were a few years ago banished to Esle, when S— was there as captain-general; and were, on their arrival under his government, all beheaded in one night. He has himself been much in disgrace since; his eldest son lately died, and his only surviving son has no issue, so that his family is likely to become extinct. This is by some in China regarded as a judgment from Heaven, for the needless slaughter of so many persons. He, they add, has tried to appease the wrath of heaven by an unbounded liberality,—but what, say they, is a little money dispensed in alms, compared with depriving men of that life which none can restore. Heaven will not be thus appeased.

NEW-YORK, JULY 11.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

We have been favoured with St. Johns. N. B. papers to the 27th ult. The ship Isabella. Patton, has arrived at that port, in 27 days from Greenock, bringing papers to the 26th May, containing London dates to the 25d. At that time all was quiet in the manufacturing districts. The arrival of the queen was anxiously looked for, and the preparations for the coronation of George 4th, engrossed the public attention.

The grand jury of London have found a bill of indictment for high treason against Edwards, the spy, and instigator of the Cato-street conspiracy. Mrs. Thistlewood, Mrs. Brunst, Julian Thistlewood, the son, and other witnesses were examined in support of the charge. Edwards had absconded; it was said Mr. Harmer, the solicitor, was authorised by some individual to offer 100l. reward for his apprehension. Evidence was produced that all the pikes which were found in the premises of the conspirators, were manufactured by Edwards' order, and that for every one of them the manufacturer was paid by Edwards. The manufacturer himself came forward to prove this fact.

Some changes in the British ministry are talked of. The earl of Liverpool, it was said, was about to resign, and to be succeeded by lord Grenville; it was also reported that Mr. Vansittart was to give place to Mr. Huskisson.

The Queen's birth day was observed at the different public offices, and other places under controul of the executive, with the respect due to her station. The report of the Queen's arrival at Paris was incorrect. It was the Marchioness of Bute who arrived there; she found it difficult to assure the populace that waited on her with complimentary garlands, that she was not the Queen of England. There were no accounts of the queen having left Geneva.

The Nautilus and the Chapman, the two first vessels dispatched by the British government with emigrants to the Cape of Good Hope, have safely arrived there.

SPANISH INTELLIGENCE.

The new Spanish councils have directed that such of the king's country seats as are not wanted for his diversion shall be sold for the payment of the national debt. A decree of May 1, limits the highest pay of public officers to 2000 dollars extra to see earies of state, foreign ministers, captain generals, governors of fortresses, military and naval commanders in actual service. An amnesty was proclaimed to deserters from the fleet, and the sea and land forces were put on the same footing as to pay. England, France and Bavaria have expressed their satisfaction with the new order of things in Spain.—The Spanish government had refused to increase the number of substitutes to represent their American colonies in the cortes to more than 30. This news comes through Gibraltar papers to May 20. Franklin Gazette.

FROM THE SPANISH JELLY.

CHARLESTON, JULY 18.

A gentleman who left Kingston (Jamaica) on the 10th ult. has favoured us with a file of the Kingston Chronicle, to the 9th; and with the subsequent verbal intelligence.

The Patriot forces under Colonel Montillo and Admiral Brion, who had some time since taken possession of Rio de la Hache, and advanced

into the interior, being sorely pressed by the Royalists and Indians, (about 1500 strong) and in want of provisions, were obliged to adopt a retrograde movement, and again retire to the sea-coast.—When within three miles of Rio de la Hache, the Patriot forces, amounting to 700, faced about, attacked and completely repulsed the Royalists. After the action, 300 men of General DEVEREAUX's Legion, demanded their arrears of pay, (not having received a dollar since they arrived) which was refused—in consequence of which, they declined to act any further against the enemy.—Brion immediately ordered them into the town, took away their arms, and forced them to embark on board of several neutral vessels in the harbor, mostly from Kingston. The following day, Rio de la Hache was given up to plunder, the fortifications blown up, and the remainder of Brion's forces embarked on board of his fleet, which sailed immediately (after plundering two or three American vessels in port, of their cargoes of provisions, &c.) for Margarita or St. Domingo.—The Royalists then marched in and took possession of the place. DEVEREAUX's men put to sea at the same time with Brion, nearly destitute of water and provisions; and one of these vessels, having on board about 150 of the number, mostly officers, arrived at Kingston on the 9th ult. in the greatest distress imaginable; without clothes, and without money. The commanding officer at Port Royal, in consequence of their distress, had allowed them to land, and assigned some vacant barracks for their temporary residence.

Thus has terminated the operations of that overwhelming expedition, which, after taking Rio de la Hache, was said to have been joined by thousands of the inhabitants, who were in full march for Santa Martha and Maracaibo; after taking which, they were to unite with Bolivar, in the reduction of that important, and hitherto deemed impregnable fortress of Carthagea.

[Courier.]

On Thieving.—A gentleman of reputation and credit, long resident at Mogadore, in Barbary, recounted the following story, which he knew to be a fact, and which may serve as well to shew the analogy between wicked dispositions in all nations, as that there is something like a tendency to rob, which may be deemed constitutional:—A Moore, detected in theft, was brought before the present Emperor of Morocco. He inflicted the usual punishment, which was that of having the offender's right hand cut off at the wrist. Before the wound was well healed the Moor was again brought before the Emperor, for a like offence. His imperial majesty became facetious on the occasion, and apologised for his mistake in having before ordered the wrong hand to be taken off; but corrected it and the culprit, by an immediate amputation of the left. In a space of time, almost incredibly short, the same Moor was brought to court for a third robbery—his right foot was lopped off! Still he persisted, and within a year, he lost both hands and both feet. Unable then any longer to steal himself, he headed a party of his own disposition, and having waylaid the retinue of his majesty's favourite concubine, pointed out to his associates a camel laden with her jewels, trinkets, and other valuable ornaments. On his fifth appearance before the Emperor, for his last transaction, his majesty ordered him to be immediately hanged; and as they led him away, 'Ah!' said the Emperor, shaking his head, 'what a deal of pain and troublesome journeys we should have saved this poor man, if we had begun with him as we now leave off!'

In Rowan Court of Equity.

Alexander Long, versus Lewis Beard, Jonathan Merrill, Moses A. Locke.

THE depositions of Thomas Todd, Thomas Hartley, George Willis, sen. Samuel Silliman, John Clements, Nicholas Simpson, John Travis, and others, will be taken on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of June next, at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury; and if not all taken on that day, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of July next; and if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth days of August next; and if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of September next; and if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the sixth and seventh days of October next. Which depositions are intended to be read as evidence on the trial of this suit; and when and where you may attend, and cross-examine, if you think proper.

May the 30th, 1820.—9w1

Inserted by request of

MOSES A. LOCKE.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office at Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C. July 1, 1820, which, if not taken out previous to the first day of October next, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

ELIZABETH ALLMAN, Abram Alexander, Samuel H. Alsbrook, Daniel Blackwelder, Thomas Baskin, John Baker, John Barringer, Charles Canby, Henry Cress, William Cochran, Michael Cline, Jacob Coleman, Philip Dry, John Garman, William Gibson, Morgan Hall, Sherwood Hatty, James Harris, James Hendy, William Henning, Francis Kirkpatrick, Christopher Light, James Long, Henry Linker, Geo. I. McCauley, (2) Jno. S. McCaleb, John Moss, (2) Robt. H. Morrison, E. Morgan, William McGellan, Nancy M'Leary, Eliza M'Carthy, Samuel M'Curdy, Archd. Morrison, William Nickols, John Ochler, Peter Overcash, Jun. Charles Patterson, John Propes, William Peacock, Henry Propes, Robert Puckance, John Petree, John Rogers, Mary Russell, Nicholas Ridinower, Thomas Steel, William Solomon, Elias Scarborough, William M. Sneed, James E. Tamm, Nedham Thomson, Lewis Tucker, Simon Walker, Exoda Whitley, John Yeoman.

DAVID STORKE, J. P. M.

BLANKS, OF VARIOUS KINDS,
For sale at the Office of the Couriers.



CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1820.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The rights of the people in the Western part of this State, we have pledged ourselves to support, and we shall fully redeem that pledge in its proper time; in the meantime, we are thankful for any communications on the subject of our political grievances, when they are confined to that object, and not larded with localities and personal applications, which have no necessary bearing on the point at issue. It is not our province, nor would it be proper for us, to remark on the electioneering circulars of any candidate: he places himself before the tribunal of the people, and submits to their judgment; and with them it remains to decide on his merits and qualifications. It would likewise be particularly improper for us to interfere in the divisions and local jealousies which at present agitate this County; and it would be equally improper to appropriate any part of our paper to the use of another, for that purpose. For these reasons, therefore, we cannot insert the communication of "A Brief Remark," but we shall be glad to hear from him again, on the same subject, should his communications be free from those objections which abound in his present one. We would beg the favor of him, however, to read the last of our terms, before he writes again, as a compliance with that is a *sine qua non* with us.

The small sum of twelve and a half cents postage, may appear trifling to each individual; and so it is. But the aggregate of 100 or 150 letters, which we may probably receive in the course of a year, if the postage of them be all charged to us, amounts to a *small little sum*.

The practice adopted by some of our correspondents, of hanking their communications in personally, may be the most eligible method to them, but it is neither satisfactory nor agreeable to us. Every editor wishes to be left to act freely, in deciding on the merits of communications, and on the propriety of publishing them: but if a writer hands his production in *himself*, he virtually, if not intentionally, debars the editor from acting independently, unless he incur the risk of giving offence, and oftentimes to those whose good will he may be anxious to preserve. But when a communication is deposited in its proper place, the letter-box, the editor is supposed to be ignorant of the author, and can dispose of it as he thinks proper, without incurring the enmity or ill-will of the writer. We hope our correspondents will perceive the justness of these remarks, and act accordingly; as in that case they will remove from us the disagreeable necessity of resorting to a more unpleasant mode for retaining that independence which is our right, and which we are determined, in future, to exercise. And we would here observe, once for all, that such communications as are delivered to us personally, whatever may be their merits, we do not consider as *favours*.

"Forecasts" toasts, for the next season, cannot be inserted, on any consideration. We agree with him, that there is ample time and much room for improvement, so that "the toasts may be altered and improved, turned and twisted, until, like the miser's coat, or the admiral's ship, there is not a particle of the original left;" and we advise him to give them that complete transformation, and then—burn them.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By late arrivals, possesses little interest of moment.—Spain is steadily consummating her late revolution, and Ferdinand is apparently sincere in his devotion to the new order of things.—The Cortez were to convene on the 10th ultimo, and we may expect soon to hear something decisive respecting our own affairs with Spain.—It is a singular fact, that while all the other European governments are uniting in a holy league against the Press, Spain, who had been thought to be morally and politically dead, is granting to it almost unlimited freedom.—The members of the French Legislature are busily engaged in abusing and threatening each other—the Parisians are galled with Cato-street plots to destroy the pusillanimous race of the Bourbons—and the amiable and sympathetic ladies of Paris are contributing their money to purchase masses of their godly priests for the soul of the Due de Berri, (which they probably suspect has got no farther on its aerial journey than purgatory,) and for the safe delivery of his young widow.—The English government is very laudably employed in wrenching the last farthing from a starving population, to expend on the coronation of the illustrious George the IV.; the whole expense of which, it is said, will amount to only the very economical sum of four or five millions of dollars.—The House of Commons is occupied with its ordinary business of dangling after the heels of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—A general calm seems to have fallen on the English nation, but whether it be the settled calm of despair, or like that solemn and awful calm which precedes some terrible convulsion in nature, we are not wise enough to conjecture.—The Chinese intelligence may serve to pass away a leisure moment agreeably.

We invite the attention of our readers to the interesting account, on our first page, of the celebration of our national birth-day on the grand canal in the State of New-York. The associations it must produce, cannot fail of being highly pleasing; and the influence it may have, and the emulation it may excite, we trust will not expire with the reading, but be productive of a determination to tread, though it be at a humble distance, in the footsteps of our northern sister. We have already commenced internal improvements; and when we have so illustrious an example before us; when we behold a State, the greater part of which, 50 years ago, was a wilderness, engaged in the stupendous undertaking of uniting the northern and western lakes with the Atlantic, and prosecuting it so successfully, as to complete, in the short space of two years, 130 miles of canal navigation; when we witness all this, shall we be discouraged by a few obstacles, and still let our rivers roll on to the ocean, without bearing on their bosoms the rich products of our soil? We leave it to our readers to answer this all-important question, as well as to make those reflections which must necessarily arise from this subject.

PROSPECTS OF THE FARMER.

Amid all the pecuniary embarrassments which the effects of general peace, the revolutions of commerce, and our own extravagance and improvidence have produced, it is a source of consolation, and of grateful acknowledgment to the benevolent Author of nature, that the earth is teeming with wealth and plenty, and crowning the toils of the husbandman with an abundant reward. From a report of our highly favored country we have, in the

clearing accounts of large and unusual crops; and it is gratifying to us to be enabled to state, that in this part of our own State, we have not been less favored. A gentleman in Mecklenburg County writes us, that the crops of corn and cotton there are excellent, and better than they have had for many years. This exuberance of the products of the earth will probably reduce their price in proportion; but the price of those articles which farmers find it necessary to purchase, will be reduced in nearly a like ratio; so that, in fact, the farmer will realize the same value for a bushel of wheat now, at 50 cents a bushel, with which he can purchase five pounds of sugar, as he did formerly at one dollar per bushel, and with which he could then purchase only the same quantity.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Club.....No. III.

In our preceding number, "the stranger" brought in review before us the effects of intemperate drinking, such as they exist in our town, and, we believe, in a greater or less degree, in many other towns in the Union. In some of the larger cities, (par example,) all legal enactments have been found inadequate to restrain the growing propensity; and in order to create moral checks to the spreading evil, many of the best and most distinguished citizens of such places, have formed associations for its suppression.—These societies print and circulate pamphlets and tracts against intemperance, and exhibit, from real life, examples of persons that have fallen victims to its baleful influence.

But the prevalence of this vice at one place, can never justify it in another. Were we to cast around us for examples, to how many of our acquaintance might we not point, and say to them, "Why will ye perish?" But we will close our eyes to the living, and look to the church-yards for victims of intemperance! We ask every reader to consider how many of his acquaintance, within a few years, have brought themselves to untimely graves, by the use of ardent spirits? No one need look beyond his own neighborhood! We will ask the citizens of Salisbury to number the deaths that have been occasioned by intemperance in that town, within the past seven years.—Count up!—and it will be found that but few male adults have died from any other cause!—And shall these things pass before us in town and in country? Shall we see the tombs of our departed acquaintances rising up before us? Shall we see others of our friends hurrying along the same down-hill road to ruin, and by their pernicious examples drawing our children after them? Shall we witness all this, and make no effort to arrest this curse of society, this canker of good morals? No! our voices shall be raised against it; our pens shall be drawn in defence of good order; and we predict that all honest and moral persons will say to us—Well done! go on!

The influence of evil examples is more contagious in towns than in the country: the reason is too obvious to require illustration. This fact should admonish the heads of families to set good examples themselves, and to neglect no opportunity of inculcating them in others. Fielding says: "A good man is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use, in that narrow circle, than a good book." Above all, the youths of steady habits and correct virtues, however humble their condition, should be taken by the hand, led on, and encouraged; while those of bad habits, idleness, and dissipation, however rich in property, or respectable in family, should be discountenanced, and considered as so many corrupters of the morals and manners of the rising generation.

Every friend of human happiness should frown upon excesses of the vicious kind; but there is an additional inducement for the inhabitant of the town to exert himself in promoting good order and correct morals in the place. The character of a town is made up of the individual characters of its citizens. Its respectability does not consist so much in its wealth, in the number of its houses, or the extent of its population, as in the virtues, the public spirit and liberal conduct of its citizens—then clothe it with a good name, and make it respectable abroad. This being the case, the character of the town is, in a measure, the property of every citizen, and self-love, if nothing else, should impel him to keep it pure and untarnished from the corruptions of evil doers.

Under feelings, and with views of this kind, we commenced the publication of "The Club," and upon no other principles shall it be continued. We explicitly avow, that our object is to expose vices, not to point out persons. But we well know there are some persons so identified with their vices, that to describe the one is to draw the other. To such as these we will say—"Leave off your follies, forsake your evil ways, and then the character of the drunkard, the debauchee, the vagabond, will not apply to you."—There is another class of sapient readers, who fancied that they could see particular persons aimed at in the dialogue of "the stranger." It is strange that we cannot paint folly, but some one thinks that he recognizes the features of his friends—that we cannot throw a fool-cap to the crowd, but these busy characters immediately pick it up and try to fit it to the heads of their neighbors. We would advise these knowing ones not to trouble themselves in looking about for objects, but at once to place the cap on their own pates—ten to one, but it will fit them.

Quid rides? mutato nomine de te, Fabula narratur.

There is yet another order of persons who have honored Club No. 2, with a personal: these suppose that the character of the place will suffer from the holding up to ridicule the vices of some of its citizens. This class, forsooth, would prefer that the weeds of vice should spread among us and poison our children, than that it should be known that there are in the place persons addi-

ted to dissipation and its accompanying evils:—What modesty! But it is a modesty that partakes more of caution than of virtue. What person of sense, but knows that there are idlers, tattlers, busy-bodies, scandal-mongers, drunkards, and vagabonds, about every town, and in every neighborhood? To wink at these practices, or to shut your eyes, is to encourage them; but to hold them up to public contempt, shows to the world that there is a redeeming spirit in motion; that there are persons who will stand forth advocates of good order and morality. We are not afraid of injuring the town (or the country either) by praising virtue, and censuring vice: And we are as much concerned in its good name as any of our fastidious critics.

It is the lot of some of us often to see the society of neighboring villages, and sometimes of those more remote; and it is with feelings of pride and pleasure, that we can in truth say, the people of Salisbury, collectively considered, for decency of manners, orderly demeanor, and correct morals, are not surpassed by the citizens of any place in our knowledge. It has frequently been remarked, by preachers of the Gospel who visited Salisbury, that they no where met with more silent attention, and decent behavior during divine worship, than in that place. And we might mention, as an instance, the service performed by the Rev. Mr. Joyce, on the past Sabbath. Scarcely have we heard an abler discourse; never did we witness a more attentive auditory. These things do honor to a people. But at the same time that we give credit for this, we boldly repeat it, without the fear of contradiction, that there are many vices and immoralities daily taking place in the midst of us; ruinous to those concerned in them, and highly discreditable to the character of the place. These, it is, that we wish to see corrected. And we indulge the hope, that every reflecting citizen, every friend of good order, morality and religion, will join us, each in his own way, to effect so happy a result.

FOR THE CAROLINIAN.

TO THE FREEMEN OF CABARRUS COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN: Whenever the character of a respectable citizen is assailed, for the most malignant and diabolical purposes, it becomes the duty of every honest man to treat the assailants with contempt, and hold them up to public view as demons, whose poisonous breath pollutes the very air we breathe. These thoughts will irresistibly rush upon the mind of every one of you who possess a single drop of the milk of human kindness, when you are informed that, on the eve of an election for Representatives to the State Legislature, a slanderous report has been put in circulation, and (in my opinion) without a shadow of truth, and without any other end in view than to defeat the election of one of our candidates for the Commons. If it would have no other effect than to defeat a petty election, it would make but little difference; but when we know that it is well calculated to inflict a deep wound in the domestic happiness of the persons who are the objects of it, and who are united to each other by the strongest ties of affection, it is sufficient to create in our breasts the most abhorrent feelings towards those who have engendered and propagated it. To me it is a matter of astonishment, to hear that there are many persons among us, (some of whom, I believe, are within the pale of holy church,) from whom better things might be expected, who are exultingly and triumphantly retelling this malignant slander! Those who have busied themselves in this business, if they are not completely callous to every virtuous thought or deed, I would advise to reflect for a moment on what they have been doing. Let them remember, that the man whom they are thus unjustly abusing has a family. If he was not placed in this degrading situation, they might, with a little better grace, suffer the poison to drop from their polluted lips.

It is not necessary for me to take a retrospect of the abuse which has hitherto been heaped upon the man whose character I am now vindicating—it is too well known to you all. The mere recollection of it is painful. It is a matter of indifference to me which of the candidates may succeed in the election. The object of this communication is to shield an honest man from the tongue of slander. If we at any time should feel a spirit of opposition to a candidate who appears before the public, it is our duty to give him fair play: No matter what are his qualifications, he is, on the principles of eternal truth, entitled to that measure of justice which we ourselves would expect in a like situation. The candidate referred to in this communication, has served you more than once; and has he not served you well? Can you lay to his charge, as a Representative, anything that you yourselves would not have done? Has he not discharged his duty, as your Representative, with fidelity? Has he done less for the public good than his predecessors? Why, then, should we oust him, by circulating infamous reports, which are well calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of his family? I trust that every good man among you will turn his face to such iniquity.

July 27, 1820.

A VOTER.

Notice.

THE firm of a J. NISBITT & CO. at Mox's Old Fields, Rowan County, is dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm, or having demands against them, are requested to make application to the subscriber for settlement.

A. NISBITT.

Mox's Old Field, July 27, 1820.

4x8

Five Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, a few days since, a black boy, named GEORGE, belonging to Dr. Fermand. He is about five feet four inches high, full faced, very black, and very stout made. He is somewhere in the neighborhood of Salisbury, or Mr. Macnamara's plantation, as I have been informed. I will give the above reward to any one who will apprehend the said George, and deliver him to me, or lodge him in Gaol, so that I get him again.

THOMAS HOLTON.

Salisbury, August 1, 1820.

3x8

10 Dollars Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, some time since, a negro man named HANNIBAL, between 30 and 35 years of age, and a foot or nine inches high. It is supposed he is lurking somewhere in Salisbury, or the adjoining settlements. Whoever will apprehend said runaway and commit him to Gaol, and give me information thereof, shall receive the above reward.

H. B. SATTERWHITE.

Blackborough, N. C. July 27, 1820.

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a small tract of valuable land, containing 105 acres, lying in the Forks, four miles above Clinton, on the South Fork of the Roanoke river. A part of the above named tract is first quality of bottom, and some good meadow land, all well timbered; a small improvement, with a good dwelling-house, 30 by 25, with a kitchen, smoke-house, and other out-houses thereto; a good double barn; a completely fixed tan-yard, with a good currying shop, and a finishing room over head. The seat is very level, and handsomely situated for a large business to be carried on. The whole tract is well watered; a notable good spring convenient to the dwelling-house, which affords sufficient water for a distillery, there having been one carried on. Those who may wish to purchase, will please to apply at the subscriber's, on the premises, at any time, and as soon as they please.

July 29, 1820.—1x8

JNO. N. SMOOT.

Wilkinson & Horah,

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE STATE BANK.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of this place and its vicinity, that they intend carrying on WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING, GOLD and SILVER SMITHING—and that they have procured from the city of New-York workmen of the first rate, and also the necessary tools for manufacturing Jewelry and Silver-Ware.

The subscribers return their thanks to the public for favors already received, and hope, by a faithful application, to merit the continuance of a share of public patronage. Those who favor them with their custom, may rely on having their work done in the best manner.

Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, carefully repaired, and warranted to keep time.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

A. B.—A supply of Watches, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, constantly kept on hand.

CURTIS WILKINSON, &

H. HORAH.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

CABARRUS COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July Term, 1820.

Calb Erwin,

vs.

William Erwin.

Original Attachment.

Alexander White

summoned as Guardian.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, William Erwin, resides beyond the limits of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for three weeks, in the *Western Carolinian*, a newspaper printed in the town of Salisbury, that unless the defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Cabarrus, at the Court-House in Concord, on the third Monday in October next, and then and there plead, answer, &c.—Judgment final will be taken against him according to the plaintiff's demand. Witness John Travis, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday of July, A. D. 1820, and the 45th year of American Independence.

3x8

JOHN TRAVIS, Clerk.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

CABARRUS COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1820.

Jane Hille,

vs.

Joshua Shinn.

Original Attachment,

levied on lands.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State: Ordered, therefore, that publication be made for three weeks in the *Western Carolinian*, a newspaper printed in the town of Salisbury; that unless the said defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Cabarrus, at the court-house in Concord, on the third Monday of October next, then and there reply or plead, judgment will be taken pro confesso, according to the plaintiff's demand. Witness John Travis, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday of July, Anno Domini 1820, and of American Independence the 45th.

3x8

JOHN TRAVIS, Clerk.

State of North-Carolina,

ROWAN COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Sessions, 1820.

Benjamin Owen, John's of

George Owen, deceased,

vs.

Gasper Owen,

Anthony Owen.

Petition to sell

Real Estate.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Anthony Owen, resides out of the State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the *Western Carolinian*, that the defendant appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the third Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to said petition, or judgment will be entered according to prayer of said petition.

3x7

Test.

JNO. GILES.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE NAPOLÉON,

NOW in full health and vigor, will stand the Fall Season at my plantation, seven miles west of Salisbury, at the moderate price of fifteen dollars the season, which sum may be discharged by the payment of twelve dollars, if paid at any time within the season; eight dollars the single leap, and twenty dollars for insurance; which will be demanded as soon as the mare is discovered to be with foal, or the property is transferred. The season will commence the 15th of August, and end the 15th of November. Pasturage will be furnished gratis. Mares sent from a distance will be kept on moderate terms. Proper care and attention will be paid, but not liable for accidents or escapes of any kind.

August 1, 1820.

MICHAEL BROWN.

Description.—NAPOLÉON is a beautiful sorrel, nine years old last spring, sixteen hands and one inch high, of most excellent symmetry, and possesses as much power and activity as any horse on the continent; and as a race horse, stands unrivalled.

Performance.—Sky-Scraper, the sire of Napoleon, was got by Col. Holmes's famous imported horse Dare Devil, who was bred by the Duke of Grafton, and got by Magnat, out of Hebe: Hebe was got by Chrysolite, out of an own sister to Hebe. Sky-Scraper's dam was the celebrated running mare Oracle, who was got by Obadiah; his grand-dam by Cedar, his grand-dam by the imported horse Partner. Obadiah, Cedar and Partner, were all fine bred horses, descended from the best blood in England. Snow-and-Easy, the dam of Napoleon, was got by the imported horse Baronet, her dam, called Canilla, was got by Cephalus, her dam, who was sister to Brilliant and Dumb's Traveller, was got by Old Traveller, her grand-dam by Tean-Nought, out of Col. Hill's famous imported mare Killdeer. (Signed) JOHN ALLSTON.

Performance.—I do hereby certify, that Napoleon has run four races, which he has lost with great ease; the last over the Salisbury turf, three miles heats, beating Branch's Sir David, Singleton's Bay Horse, and Jones's Colt. Branch's and Singleton's horses are distanced. He has never been brought to the track since. And I do hereby certify, that he is a true and genuine race horse.

3x8

JOHN THOMPSON.

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SCOTT.



[FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.]

Parody upon the Song, "Is there a Heart that never Lov'd."

There is a heart that fondly lov'd,
That throbb'd at woman's sigh;
A heart that with emotion mov'd
At beauty's tearful eye.

The language, too, those eyes bespoke,
Was known to that sad heart;
The sighs that from her bosom broke,
Seem'd more than sighs of art.

And yet that heart has been deceiv'd,
Though it so fondly lov'd;
The tales of art it once believ'd,
Can now be heard unmov'd.

Unmov'd it now can see the tear
That starts in beauty's eye;
Unmov'd, and calmly it can hear
Soft woman's artful sigh.

[FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.]

The following parody closes the affectionate effusion
of our correspondent "G." on the sudden death of an
amiable sister, addressed to her inconsolable husband:

EXTRACT.

"This life is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath sooth'd the widow's woe,
Hath something here of HEAVEN.

"And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of HEAVEN.

"He who the Christian race hath run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted HEAVEN."

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Methodists.

Mr. Southey has just published the *Life of Wesley*, in two volumes, a work of very deep and general interest, likely to prevent the repugnance which many feel at the very word Methodist. In their original institution, nothing more was designed than that they should be strict Members of the Church of England, regular in their attendance, methodical in the performance of all their duties. Thence arose the name of Methodist. In the progress of time, and under new pastors, some of them have greatly departed from the fundamental rules of the society, and new sects, bearing the same name, have arisen. But in the life of Wesley, there is much to admire and venerate. That this is Mr. Southey's opinion, may be collected from the following introduction to his work:

"The sect, or society, as they would call themselves, of Methodists, has existed for the greater part of a century; they have their seminaries and their hierarchy, their own regulations, their own manners, their own literature: in England they form a distinct people, an *imperium in imperio*; they are extending widely in America; and in both countries they number their annual increase by thousands. The history of their founder is little known in his native land, beyond the limits of those who are termed the religious public; and on the Continent, it is scarcely known at all. In some of the biographers, the heart has been wanting to understand his worth, or the will to do it justice; others have not possessed freedom or strength of intellect to perceive wherein he was erroneous. It has been remarked, with much complacency, by the Jesuits, that in the year of Luther's birth, Loyola was born also; Providence, they say, having wisely appointed, that when so large a portion of Christendom was to be separated from the Catholic Church, by means of the great German heresiarch, the great Spanish saint should establish an order by which the Catholic faith would be strenuously supported in Europe, and disseminated widely in the other parts of the world.

"Voltaire and Wesley were not, indeed, in like manner, children of the same year, but they were contemporaries through a long course of time; and the influences which they exercised upon their age and upon posterity, have been not less remarkably opposed. While one was scattering, with pestilential activity, the seeds of immorality and unbelief, the other, with equally unwearied zeal, laboured in the cause of religion. The works

of Voltaire have found their way wherever the French language is read; the disciples of Wesley wherever the English is spoken. The principles of the arch infidel were more rapid in their operation; he who aimed at no such evil as that which he contributed so greatly to bring about, was himself startled at their progress; in his latter days he trembled at the consequences he then foresaw; and indeed his remains had scarcely mouldered in the grave, before those consequences brought down the whole fabric of government in France, overturned her altars, subverted her throne, carried guilt, devastation and misery into every part of his own country, and shook the rest of Europe like an earthquake. Wesley's doctrines, meantime, were slowly and gradually winning their way; but they advanced every succeeding year with accelerated force, and their effect must ultimately be more extensive, more powerful, and more permanent, for he has set mightier principles at work. Let it not, however, be supposed, that I would represent these eminent men, like agents of the good and evil principles, in all things contrasted; the one was not all darkness, neither was the other all light.

"The history of men who have been prime agents in those great moral and intellectual revolutions which, from time to time, take place among mankind, is not less important than that of statesmen and conquerors. If it has not to treat of actions wherewith the world has rung from side to side, it appeals to the higher parts of our nature, and may, perhaps, excite more salutary feelings, a worthier interest, and wiser meditations. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his rival of France, appear at this day infinitely insignificant, if we compare them to Luther and Loyola. And there may come a time when the name of Wesley will be more generally known, and in remote regions of the globe, than that of Frederick, or of Catharine; for the works of such men survive them, and continue to operate, when nothing remains of worldly ambition but the memory of its vanity and its guilt."—*London paper.*

Sir Walter Scott.

This celebrated Poet and Novelist has received from his Sovereign's hands the honor of knighthood. This is as it should be. If ever there was one man more than another who was entitled (independently of his own descent from an alliance with highborn connexions) to wear the honorable badges of rank, it is he whose life and writings have so eminently contributed to the improvement and happiness of mankind. In the pages of all that Scott has ever written, will not be found one passage that can be made detrimental to sound morality or purity of principles—not one position which, if followed out, will not conduce to the improvement of our knowledge, or the increase of our comfort—the variety of human character, the living identity of his person, the passions of the human heart, the elements of the human mind, their intricate combinations, their eternal changes, their shifting appearances, are all marked and traced with a subtlety of discrimination, and simplicity of execution, so true, so delicate, yet so vigorous, as to outstrip all rivalry but that of the great dramatic bard. His life exhibits a scene of felicity and goodness consonant to the spirit of his writings: In his home, and on his estate, he is truly the father of his family and his tenants; all love him, and run to court his smile, and receive his kindness, from the child of his bosom to the urchin of his lowliest cottager. Notwithstanding the quantity of his works, and the celerity with which they are poured forth upon the world, he is never abstracted from society or its enjoyments—he neglects no duties, no labors of the landlord, the farmer, or the master. He is ever present where his presence is required, ever active, doing good to all, and beloved by all; and his hours pass in that independent serenity and kindly light-hearted cheerfulness, which can only be enjoyed by the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and time fully employed and used.

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Long may he live to enjoy his well-deserved honors—the delight and example of this age, as he will be of futurity.—*London paper.*

THE CACTUS GRANDIFLORUS, OR NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Of all the splendid productions which nature in her bounty has bestowed on man, there is none more exquisite than the "refulgent Cereus." This magnificent plant is a native of South-America. The stem is extremely unpromising, and indicates nothing of that beauty it is formed to unfold. It is cylindrical, branched, and greenish, and full of small diverging spines. The flower is lateral, and about a foot in diameter, and has 20 stamina surrounding one pistillum. "The inside of the calyx," says a writer, "is a splendid yellow, or bright sulphur color; the petals of the purest and most transparent

white; but, viewing it in front, so as to look into its deep bell, whence issue its long trembling stamina, baffles all description; for, in one shade, it is of an aurora color; viewed in another, it resembles the blaze of burning nitre; and, as the eye plays over it, we think we see, at times, a bright reddish purple.—To the eye of fancy, a resemblance to the sun is presented; the calyx corolla and darkened tube seem to form the ray, disk, and spots, of that luminary, which this flaunting beauty is destined never to behold. The duration of this, like all beautiful flowers, is but short.—It expands its magnificent corolla, and emits a most delicious perfume for a few hours in the night, and "then closes to open no more." It begins to open about 7 o'clock in the evening, usually in the month of July, and closes before sun-rise in the morning. The fanciful Darwin has thus described it:

Nymph! not for thee the radiant day returns;

Nymph! not for thee the golden solstice burns:

Refulgent Cereus! at the dusky hour

She seeks, with pensive steps, the mountain bower,

Bright as the blush of rising morn, and warms

The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.

We notice in the National Intelligencer, an account of the exhibition of one of these grand and exquisite flowers, in the green house of Dr. M'Williams of the City of Washington, on the evening of the 13th inst. which, it is said, produced a high degree of gratification in all the beholders.—*Petersburg In.*

Shorting Anecdote.—Some eager sportsmen in Cumberland, having come to that part of the chase which is called a *check*, inquired of a country lad if he had seen the hare go that way? after grinning and scratching his head, he asked, "Had hur a brown back?" "Yes," (eagerly.) "Had hur long legs?" "Yes, yes," (impatiently.) "Had hur big ears?" "Yes, yes," (violently.) "Has hur a bit o' white under her tail?" "Yes—have you seen her?" "No, zur, I hanna seen hur."

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

AN ODE,

Sung at a Charity Lecture, at the Old South Meeting House, Boston.

JESUS! and shall it ever be

A mortal man asham'd of thee?

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise?

Whose glories shine through endless days?

Asham'd of JESUS?—sooner, far,

Let evening blush to own a star!

He sheds the beams of light divine,

O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of JESUS?—just as soon

Let midnight be asham'd of noon.

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,

Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of JESUS?—that dark friend

On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

No!—when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of JESUS?—yes, I may,

When I've no guilt to wash away;

No tear to wipe—no good to crave—

No fears to quell—no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain,

Till then, I boast a Saviour slain.

And O! may this my glory be,

That Christ is not asham'd of me.

His institutions I would prize;

Take up my cross—the shame despise;

Dare to defend his noble cause,

And yield obedience to his laws.

THE DEATH BED OF THE ELDER.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

I knew well in childhood that lovely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills—and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. For six years' Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit, and with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance during sermon, psalm and prayer. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I now met the pastor going to pray by his death bed—and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation and death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope and despair, made almost pale cheeks, that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty—and I recognized in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man who we understood was now lying on his death bed—

"They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, looking tenderly on the boy; but love makes the young heart bold—and there is one who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I again looked on the fearless child with his rosy cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, so unlike grief or sorrow, yet now sobbing aloud as if his heart would break. "I do not fear but that my grandfather will yet recover, as soon as the minister has said one single prayer by his bed side. I had no hope, or little, as I was running by myself to the manse over hill after hill, but I am full of hope now that we are together—and oh! if God should

my grandfather to recover, I will be awake all the long winter nights blessing him for his mercy. I will rise up in the middle of the darkness, and pray to him in the cold on my naked knees!" and here his voice choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, to the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind hearted pious old man.

We soon left the main road and struck off through scenery that, covered as it was with the bewildering snow, I sometimes dimly and sometimes vividly remembered; our little guide keeping ever a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct, showing us our course, of which no track was visible, save occasionally his own little foot prints as he had been hurrying to the Manse.

After crossing, for several miles, morass, and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, with here and there the top of a stone wall peeping through the snow, or the more visible circle of a sheep-bough, we descended into the Hazel Glen, and saw before us the solitary house of the dying Elder.

A gleam of days gone by came suddenly over my soul. The last time that I had been in this Glen was on a day of June, 15 years before, a holiday, the birth day of the King. A troop of laughing school boys, headed by our benign Pastor, we danced over the sunny braes and startled the linnets from their nests among the yellow broom. Austere as seemed to us the Elder's sabbath face, when sitting in the kirk, we school boys knew, that it had its week day smiles—and we flew on the wings of joy to our annual festival of curds and cream, in the farm house of that little sylvan world. We rejoiced in the flowers and the leaves of that long, that interminable summer day; its memory was with our boyish hearts from June to June; and the sound of that sweet name, "Hazel Glen," often came upon us at our tasks and brought too brightly into the school room the pastoral imagery of that mirthful solitude.

As we now slowly approached the cottage, through a deep snow drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared, and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing by raised eyes and arms folded across her breast how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor, beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

Soon as the venerable old man dismounted from his horse, our active little guide led it away into the humble stable, and we entered the cottage—Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had silently welcomed us at the door, led us, with suppressed sighs and a face stained with weeping, into her father's sick room, which even at that time of sore distress was as orderly as if health had blessed the house. I could not help remarking some old china ornaments on the chimney piece—and in the window was an ever blowing rose tree, that almost touched the lofty roof, and brightened that end of the apartment with its blossoms. There was something tasteful in the simple furniture; and it seemed as if grief could not deprive the hand of that matron of its careful elegance. Sickness, almost hopeless sickness, lay there surrounded with the same cheerful and beautiful objects which health had loved; and she, who had arranged and adorned the apartment in her happiness, still kept it from disorder and decay in her sorrow.

With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed, and there supported by pillows as white as the snow that lay without, reposed the dying Elder.—It was plain that the hand of God was upon him, and that his days on the earth were numbered.

He greeted his Minister with a faint smile, and a slight inclination of the head—for his daughter had so raised him on the pillows, that he was almost sitting up in his bed. It was easy to see that he knew himself to be dying, and that his soul was prepared for the great change; yet along with the solemn resignation of a christian who has made his peace with God and his Saviour, there was blended on his white and sunken countenance, an expression of habitual reverence for the minister of his faith—and I saw that he could not have died in peace without that comforter to pray by his death bed.

A few words sufficed to tell who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessed me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near his head—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law, a figure, that would have graced and sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief—but Religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put in practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning—and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not only been irreproachable but lofty, with fear and hope fighting desperately, but silently in the core of her pure and pious heart.

While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy, who, at the risk of his life, brought the Minister of religion to the bed side of his beloved grandfather, softly and cautiously opened the door, and, with the hoar frost unmelted on his bright glistening ringlets, walked up to the pillow evidently no stranger there. He no longer sobbed—he no longer wept—for hope had risen strongly within his innocent heart, from the consciousness of love so fearlessly excited, and from the presence of the Holy Man in whose prayers he trusted, as in the intercession of some superior and heavenly nature.

—L.T. to be concluded next week.